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THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND HER SONS.

ROYAL CHILDREN ON A HOLIDAY.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER SONS IN ENGLAND.

While the German Emperor was in London a few weeks ago, rising as early and working as hard in the endless round of festivities in his honor as the humblest laborer among the loyal subjects of Her Majesty, his children were enjoying a delightful holiday on the sea shore at Felixstowe, a graphic description of which is given by the *Pall Mall Budget*. Last spring, the account says: It was decided that the young offspring of the German Emperor should rusticate at a place on the east coast of England. Felixstowe was chosen, and then began a coarse of house-hunting, which ended in the temporary acquisition of two mansions, one of which, South Beach, was to be the residence of the Empress. She arrived on Monday night. Down at the station, to which leads a dreary, sandy road such as only the seaside can produce, her two eldest boys Wilhelm and Eitel, were waiting for her in the open carriage, and right hearty and motherly was the greeting which the Empress gave to her Crown Prince and the Prince Eitel, "the beauty of the family," as she came back to them after the busy week in London. The Emperor likes London and its whirl; his consort has different tastes, and is happiest when she may indulge in the free and easy life which she is now leading. It seems, indeed, almost unnaturally easy and unconventional, the life which the Empress, her children, and her suite are living just now. The gate to South Beach stands wide open nearly all day long, and through it you look upon a short drive, which is by no means distinguished for the care with which it is "swept and garnished." Dusty and rather stunted nasturtiums and lobelia border it, and above them wave the tamarisk and the laurestinus, also rather dusty. The opposite neighbor of her Majesty is a small tea-dealer, and to the left of her present residence a stationer makes an honest living. There is a little side entrance to the house, originally intended for a tradesman's entrance. The youth who brings the boxes of dessert fruit to the house enters there, and the urchins who deliver the vegetables; but when the ladies-in-waiting, who are quartered at the house where the three eldest Princes are staying, go to change their gowns in the course of the day, they also use the humble back stairs, and anon the tutors and the liveried lackeys—the latter deeming it unnecessary to don any head-gear when they make their frequent journeys between the two houses—go and do likewise. There is a flagstaff on the square tower of South Beach, but no bunting flies from it; whereas in front of the house (which has apparently no name) inhabited by the Princes the German flag has been hoisted. Otherwise the two houses have no distinguishing mark of any kind, unless the newly-painted inscription on a narrow blackboard, nailed to the front gates, must be considered as such. It informs the outside world that "entrance is forbidden" to the two houses.

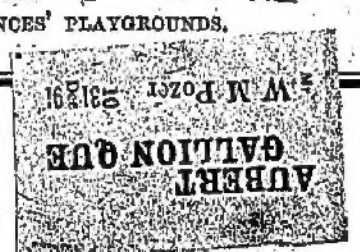
A truly magnificent sea-view is obtained from the front windows of the Crown Prince's seaside residence, over a wide stretch of the German Ocean. Vessels of every size and shape sail over the smooth waters, on which the sunlight paints wide patches of sky-blue, purple and olive. The house itself is very large, and built in picturesque and correct Queen Anne style. It has verandahs and balconies; against its red-brick wall tall rose-trees grow, and round its front lawn there runs the loveliest border of midsummer flowers, such as lilies, poppies, pinks, carnations, and all the rest. The whole house is in excellent condition; it is the property of a London clergyman, who seems to be also something of a Croesus.

But to return to the first chapter of the Imperial visit to Felixstowe. As soon as it was settled that the Empress would stay at South Beach a host of workmen invaded that mansion. Electric bells were introduced, new carpets laid, new furniture sent down from London, and, in fact, every thing was done to make the house a fit abode for the august visitors. The only thing that could not be done was to stretch South Beach into twice its usual size; hence the three eldest Princes were quartered in a house close by. When the boys arrived last week there were, among their mountain of luggage, five small cots; curious little German bedsteads; for, although the Emperor and Empress of Germany hold that simplicity and the absence of all luxury should mark the liberal education of their sons, they bow to the latter in so far that, after the example of Her Majesty, our Queen, they take beds from continent to continent.

A week's fine holiday lies behind the boys; their pale faces are beginning to get slightly bronzed, but the real holiday only began when their mother came down on Monday night. For, notwithstanding tutors and governesses, it is "mamma" who is the Princes' best and most intimate friend, and without her the fun was therefore not quite complete. Now, however, they live in a state of perfect bliss, and the rambles and frolics on the beach are worth twice as much as "when mamma was in London." The Empress arrived after 8 p.m. on Monday; on Tuesday morning, shortly after eight o'clock, and ere yet most of the Felixstowe populations had left their bedrooms, she was taking a long stroll on the beach. Shortly after noon, again, she took a drive into the pretty neighborhood, accompanied by two ladies-in-waiting and one of the boys' tutors. It was the birthday of one of the Princes, and they all had tea *en famille* at the Empress's house. After that came the great treat of the day. Shouting and laughing and chattering, five little lads burst out of the little garden gate of South Beach, lead-

(Continued on Last Page.)

THE PRINCES' PLAYGROUNDS.



"BUY YOUR CHERRIES."

BY M. F. ROWE.

[A true incident.]

At the bar-room door sat drunken Jim,
A beggar could scarcely compare with him,
With his ragged coat, his battered hat
And his worn-out shoes. There he sat,
Winking and blinking that bright spring day,
Wishing he knew some easy way
To get money enough for one drink more,—
For he longed for a drink as never before—
And the bar-tender said that very day,
"You can only have drink when you've money to pay."

Walking quickly down the street,
Came a little girl, so clean and neat,
With a basket of cherries on her arm,
Her clear voice calling, with musical charm—
"Here's your cherries, juicy and sweet,
Red and ripe, just right to eat."
She passed close by poor drunken Jim
But never thought *of selling to him*;
But he reached his hand to her basket neat
And helped himself to her cherries sweet.

The child looked at him in strange surprise,
Then anger flashed from her big, black eyes.
And, "buy your cherries, sir," she said,
With a scornful toss of her curly head.
"I have no father to work for me,
I must work for brothers and sisters three;
So, I sell cherries upon the street
To get them bread and butter to eat:
To steal from an orphan is mean and wrong;
Buy your cherries," she said, and passed along.

"Buy my cherries," said Jim; "yes, once, I could,
And there's no reason but now I should
Only the cursed whiskey and beer
That have robbed my home of comfort and cheer;
My children are worse than orphans, too,
My clothes are in rags, I have nothing to do;
I once was respected, but now you see
That even the bar-tender won't trust me;
I really think it is time to stop;
With God's help, I've drunk my last drop."

The man grew strong in his purpose true,
He took the first work he could find to do;
He bravely worked from day to day,
Oft pausing a moment to humbly pray
For strength divine; and each prayer of his
Was heard and answered; as true prayer is.
Saturday night came rolling around,
And happy Jim was homeward bound,
With hands in his pockets, where silver chinked,
Not a cent of which should be spent for drink.

But first, Jim had some errands to do?
To the butcher, the baker, the grocer, too.
He went and left orders; gave number and street,
That his children once more should have plenty to eat.
Then he bought shoes, stockings, some print for a dress,
And many more things you hardly would guess;
And last—though you'll surely not think it least—
A big bag of cherries, as a crown to the feast;
Then, with arms filled, he turned homeward once more;
And by children and wife was met at the door.

"Look, husband," she said, "these things have been left,
I think of their senses the men were bereft
Here are beef, butter, bread, sugar and cake,
I said I know there must be a mistake."
"There's no mistake, Mary, they're intended for you,
I ordered them all, and paid for them, too."
Then he told his story, enjoyed their surprise,
And said, as the great tears stood in his eyes,
"Henceforth, dear wife, little Johnny and Sue,
We will buy our cherries and eat them, too."
—*Union Signal.*

THE CRYING BABY.

It was on one of the night boats of the Jersey City ferry from Cortlandt St. The "ladies'" cabin was fairly well-filled with young men and women on their way home from places of amusement in New York. A young mulatto woman was trying in every way known to mothers to soothe a babe, whose incessant crying was indicative of no greater distress somewhere in its infantile organism than the noise caused to the nerves of the other passengers. The little dark-hued bunch of humanity was tossed and cuddled, jounced, bumped, and patted by the patient, sorely-tried mother, but the pickaninny paid no heed to such endeavors, nor to the "hush yo'sef, honey, hush yo'sef, chile," which the mother soothingly chanted.

A kind-looking woman of middle age went over to the distressed mother and babe, and took the infant on her lap. The change must have been satisfactory, for the child stopped crying at once. Just then a thin, lank, and lean man, whose clothing showed many a rent and tatter, came into the cabin and sat down. He was unshaven, and the signs of toil were seen in the grimy hands and the bronzed and wrinkled face. The boat whistled shrilly before starting, and the baby, frightened at the sound, began crying more lustily than ever. Most of the young men and women began to laugh, as if it were really "too funny for anything" to see a little Negro baby half frightened to death by the whistle of a steamboat. The mother took her babe again, and the kind-looking woman, in despair, went back to her own seat.

The ragged man had been watching the worried mother and her crying child with interest. Crossing over, he tried to soothe the little one by snapping his fingers and chirping, whereupon the young men and women all laughed the merrier. Perhaps they laughed the more because it was Saturday night, when the city is gay. The laughter offended the tall, lank, lean man, who turned upon the passengers, and said:

"Why should you laugh at the distress of even a little child? Is it funny to hear a baby cry, or to see any one try to help its suffering? Babies suffer just the same as grown-up folks, perhaps more; who knows? Wait till you get some of your own, and then you won't think it so funny to hear a baby cry. I've had nine in my house since I was married, and three of 'em are angels now. I'd be glad if we could have nine more, if it does keep me ragged to feed 'em."

The man's voice had grown tender as he spoke, and wiping a tear away with the back of his grimy hand, he went on chirping at the baby till the boat reached Jersey City. There was no more laughing in the "ladies'" cabin on that trip.—*New York Tribune.*

POWER OF A GOOD BOOK.

While Dr. Goodell, a missionary of the American Board, of fragrant memory, was in Beirut, he translated into the Armeno-Turkish language Leigh Richmond's tract, *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Several years after, in 1832, on his journey to Broosa, in passing through Nicomedia, he distributed at a church door some of these translated tracts, which had been printed at a mission press at Malta.

Four years later an Armenian priest named Vertanes came to Dr. Goodell's house in Constantinople to tell him, as a well-known teacher of evangelical doctrines, the astonishing news of a revival of religion in Nicomedia. It started, the priest frankly confessed, with his reading a tract called *The Dairyman's Daughter*, brought to him by a lad who had received it from a stranger at the church door. Reading it attentively, Vetanes received a revelation of the truth as it is in Jesus. He carried the tract to Harutun, a fellow-priest, and he too rejoiced in the salvation by Jesus Christ.

"Knowing nothing then of foreign missionaries, these two became missionaries; they gathered their friends together and told them of the true light which had shined into their hearts. Others soon embraced the truth and rejoiced." And now, after four years, these two priests came to Constantinople to ask for prayers and help for those still in darkness.

Who can picture the emotion with which Dr. Goodell told him he had translated and distributed this blessed tract! Who can imagine the feelings of Vertanes at being so unexpectedly brought face to face with the man who, under God, had been the means of his salvation! What communings they held that night!

"And when the time of trial came," says Dr. Goodell, "to these two priests, Vertanes and Harutun, and they were called to suffer for the truth, they cheerfully took the spoilings of their goods and endured persecution, even to stoning and imprisonment, for the sake of Christ, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name."

There is a strange little postscript to this wonderful story. An American traveller, who knew Dr. Goodell and was in sympathy with his work, published some sketches on his return, in which he deplored the mistake of spending time and money on such translations as *The Dairyman's Daughter*, which he said was about as intelligible to a Greek or Turk as the novel "Pelham" would be to Black Hawk!

Before this criticism was penned that single tract had inaugurated a religious revival and reformation in the interior of Turkey.

A WORD FOR DISCOURAGED TEACHERS.

BY LIZZIE FRANCES TICHENOR.

During my early experience as a teacher in the Sunday-school I believe no one could have been more utterly discouraged than I. Sunday after Sunday witnessed the old experience of failure to interest my class. Even though I had studied and prayed that I might make my teaching more clear, there was the same seeming indifference.

There would perhaps come an occasional Sunday when the lesson hour would pass all too quickly, so thoroughly would my scholars seem to enter into my own feelings; then, to my dismay, would follow a relapse into the old apathetic condition.

After several years of discouragement, during which I had seriously questioned my right to teach, thinking there must be in me some inability to interest, and had cast about in every direction after some solution of the mystery, there came one unusually hard Sunday, when it had seemed as though the hour of release would never come, and I chanced to speak to a gentleman (teacher of a class of young men) of my trouble, and found he too had just such days of discouragement. It helped me to find I was not alone in my trouble, and gave me confidence and a new enthusiasm to continue. What a wonderful impetus to labor sympathy sometimes gives!

Up to this point in my experience it had seemed to me the success of a teacher lay in a certain eloquence and no small amount of knowledge, and I studied hard to acquire, at least, a small degree of these (to me) essentials, which by no means could be mine to any marked degree.

Then there came a time when physical strength was taken from me, and although still able to be in my place in the Sunday-school, much thought became irksome and well-nigh impossible. This condition forced me to pursue a very different method from my former one. I was obliged to present the lesson story in the simplest possible manner, dwelling on the practical points as plainly as possible, and I very soon discovered my former stumbling-block. I had heretofore failed to bring the lesson to the hearts of the children. I had been aiming too much at the heads, instead of the hearts, of my scholars, failing to reach either.

Oh, what a fatal error for a teacher to fall into!

From that time on I found my difficulties greatly lessened, although by no means removed; for there will come days when there seems miles of space between me and my class, instead of heart touching heart. But never again came those dreadful depressing days, although that class stayed by me until grown to manhood.

I have learned to look upon such trying days as discipline, and hope for better things through God's help. I took to myself Christ's promise to Paul: "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

I found, too, that impressions slow to show their impress oftentimes surprise you by their unexpected appearance; and all those years of seemingly useless effort had been slowly but surely doing their work in God's hands, turning my poor, imperfect, unfinished labor into fruit for the master.

It took me years to learn my own lesson, that Christ himself is the teacher, we only the mouthpiece. All he expects of us is steady, willing, prayerful endeavor to teach his love and forgiveness, and leave to him results, knowing that he, who is the father of us all, and loves to answer prayer, will never permit such service, however imperfect, to be lost.—*Sunday School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

TEMPERANCE LESSON.—SEPT. 27, 1891.

THE TWO PATHS.—Prov. 4:13-19.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4:18.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Path of the Wicked. vs. 13-17, 19.
II. The Path of the Just. v. 18.

TIME.—Written by Solomon about B.C. 1000.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

The book of Proverbs has generally been received as the inspired production of Solomon. It is probable that out of the "three thousand proverbs" which Solomon spoke (1 Kings 4:32), he selected and arranged chapters 1-24 during his life. The remaining chapters were collected at a later day, and are in part the utterances of other inspired authors. Our lesson passage is a part of the counsels of a wise and pious father to his son. V. 13. *Take fast hold of instruction*—as one clasps firmly the hand of a guide. *She is thy life*—as the bestower of it. Value her words as your life, and abhor sin and folly more than death. V. 14. *Enter not the path of the wicked*—have no companionship with the bad; avoid their cause and company. *Keep at a distance* from their path. It is unsafe to approach it, lest you be tempted to take a step or two in it. You are taught to pray, "lead us not into temptation;" let not your practice contradict your prayer. V. 16. *They sleep not*—it is their meat and drink to do the will of the Wicked One; count it your meat and drink to do the will of your heavenly Father. Vs. 18, 19. What a contrast between the two paths! The one brightened more and more by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and ending in the perfect light and purity and peace of heaven; the other dark and dismal, and ending in the darkness of death eternal.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE PATH OF THE WICKED, vs. 13-17, 19.—What is the first counsel of this lesson? Whose path are you to avoid? Why should you avoid the path of the wicked? To what places of resort does this path lead? Why should you keep away from them? Why should you keep away from drinking-saloons? Why should you not use intoxicating drinks? What are the fruits of any kind of intemperance?

II. THE PATH OF THE JUST, v. 18.—What is meant by *the path of the just*? To what is it likened? In what does it differ from the way of the wicked? What does our Saviour say about two ways in Matt. 7:13, 14? What do we pray for in the sixth petition?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That I should listen to the counsels of the wise and good.
2. That I should avoid the ways and company of the wicked.
3. That I should walk in the path of the just.
4. That I should keep away from every place and companionship that may tempt me to sin.
5. That drinking ways lead to the path of the wicked or are part of it, and end in darkness.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 4, 1891.

CHRIST-RAISING LAZARUS.—John 11:21-44.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, VS. 43, 44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life."—John 11:25.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 10:38-42.—Martha and Mary.
T. John 11:1-17.—Death of Lazarus.
W. John 11:18-44.—Christ Raising Lazarus.
Th. Psalm 90:1-17.—The Frailty of Human Life.
F. Job 14:1-22.—The Certainty of Death.
S. 1 Cor. 15:12-28.—The Resurrection of the Dead
S. Rev. 20:1-15.—The First and last Resurrection.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Comfort of Christ, vs. 21-27.
II. The Sympathy of Christ, vs. 28-33.
III. The Power of Christ, vs. 39-44.

TIME.—A.D. 30, three months after our last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, nearly two miles south-east of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What message did Martha and Mary send to Jesus? How long had Lazarus been dead when Jesus came to Bethany? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE COMFORT OF CHRIST, vs. 21-27.—What did Martha say to Jesus? What made her think so? What else did she say? What was his reply? How did Martha understand his words? What did Jesus then say to her? What was her answer?

II. THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST, vs. 28-33.—What did Martha then do? When Mary heard the message, what did she do? Who followed her? What did Mary do when she was come where Jesus was? How did Jesus show his sympathy? vs. 33, 35, 36.

III. THE POWER OF CHRIST, vs. 39-44.—Describe the grave? What did Jesus direct them to do? What did Martha say? What was his reply? Repeat the prayer of Jesus. What did Jesus then do? With what effect?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus sympathizes with those who are in sorrow.
2. That he is able to help us as well as to feel for us.
3. That he is the Lord of life and death.
4. That he will finally raise all the dead to life.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did both Martha and Mary say when they met Jesus? Ans. Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.
2. What words of comfort did he speak to Martha? Ans. Thy brother shall rise again.
3. How did he show his sympathy? Ans. Jesus wept.
4. How did he show his divine power? Ans. He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth alive.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PULLING TOGETHER.

A man's and a woman's sphere are popularly believed to be entirely different.

He is the bread-winner, she is the guardian of the home. His sphere is office work, store work, or labor in the shop or on the farm, laboring, as the case may be, from five hours to twelve.

She superintends the kitchen, the laundry, and the nursery, laboring as many, in some cases more hours than he.

He earns the money, she garners it. Both labor for the same end, but independently of the other. Is the best economy, the best management, secured upon these terms?

Would it not be better if there were no division of "spheres" in the family council? Husband and wife are partners in a business scheme, and, to use an old-fashioned phrase, should "pull together."

Could not this be more easily done if men's and women's work merged more, each into the other?

Of course, there will be certain things the husband must continue to do, and certain things the wife must do; but break away, as far as possible, from the old routine, and do not be hampered any longer by this idea of sphere.

No scheme of household economy can be effectually carried out unless the husband and wife agree to a mental interchange of labor. If a wife needs help and her husband can assist her in her work, let him do so, whatever the work may be, and vice versa.

Is it woman's inalienable right to make tea and pie-crust, or to apportion all the minor expenses without concert, or is it only a tradition and a custom? If boys were given the same training as girls, of being handy in the house, it would be better for their wives in after years.

There is some housework that women ought never to be obliged to do. Taking up carpets, filling the coal-hod, scrubbing the floors, and washing windows can be done by men much easier than by women.

On the other hand, let the women feed the chickens, drop the corn and drive to market. I know of one good house-keeper who rides the horse-rake every afternoon in haying time, while her husband attends to that part of the house-work which she is physically unable to do.

The lives and labors of women have broadened in many ways. They can do men's work and do it in many departments, and are not ashamed. Why should men be ashamed to do woman's work?

So, my good man, if you come in to dinner and find your wife belated and so hurried that she doesn't know what to do first, instead of looking cross and muttering that "you don't see what she's been about," cheerfully lend a hand, mash the potatoes, boil the eggs or cook the steak, like a woman.

And you, my good wife, don't be afraid to allow him too much privilege in "the woman's sphere."

Let the husband and wife learn to help each other. Take an interest in each other's work, and there will be less friction than though each kept his or her side of the line. Pull together, and nine-tenths of this talk about woman's rights and man's tyranny would cease.

When you know of a happy house and a contented household, you will find there a man and a woman who have learned the important lesson of "pulling together."—*Clinton Montague, in the Household.*

DISHES OF BACON.

There are a great many delicious ways of cooking bacon. The simplest way is to cut it in thin slices and crisp it in close little rolls, but there is a certain art in all this that it is not always easy to learn. Three things are essential to success with this simplest dish. The bacon must be icy cold. It must be cut in wafer-like slices with a very sharp knife, and, lastly, the pan in which it fries must be heated very hot. The instant the slices of bacon touch the pan they should crisp into rolls; toss them about for a moment or two and they are done. They must be slightly brown, but never hard. These little rolls of bacon are delicious served with fried scallops or oysters, and almost any dish of fried fish or eggs. They are more frequently seen, however, in the familiar dish of "calves' liver and bacon." In the latter case the liver is soaked twenty or twenty-five minutes in cold water, drained and cut in thin slices and fried rather slowly in the bacon fat left in the pan after cooking the bacon. A very good way of preparing bacon for breakfast is to cut it in moderately thin slices, lay it in soak in milk enough to cover it for fifteen or twenty minutes, then drain the slices out, reserving the milk for the cream sauce to cover it. Dip each slice in flour and lay it in a hot pan that has been greased with a bacon rind. Toss the slices of bacon about in the pan till they are brown on both sides, then take them up on brown paper to absorb any grease on the outside of them and slip them on a hot platter. Pour out most of the grease in the pan the bacon was cooked in, leaving about a tablespoonful for two cups of milk; beat a teaspoonful of flour into every cup of milk which was used to soak the bacon and turn this mixture into the pan. Stir the milk till it boils, and for a moment after, and turn it over the bacon.

An easy way of preparing bacon to serve with a dish of fried meat or fish is to broil it over a clear fire for two minutes on each side. When grease drops into the fire in broiling lift the broiler up to avoid the smoky taste the bacon will have if this precaution is not observed.—*New York Tribune.*

PIN THIS UP IN THE KITCHEN.

Ten common sized eggs weigh one pound.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

Two and one-half teacups (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) of granulated, coffee A, or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

Miss Parloa says one generous pint of liquid, or one pint of finely-chopped meat packed solidly, weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a dram.

CARE OF OILCLOTH.

A good, serviceable oilcloth is one of the best of floor coverings for some purposes, and it can, with but little effort and strength, be kept in excellent condition, and it can also be as easily destroyed with improper care. A few bad washings will do more harm than can ever be remedied; therefore it is especially important that the oilcloth be washed properly.

If you would have your oilcloth looking clean and bright never use a mop when washing it, as this is sure to leave it grimy and streaky. Have a pail of clean, lukewarm water or milk and water and use two clean flannel cloths one for a washcloth and one to wipe with. Go over the whole surface of the oilcloth, washing a small space at a time and drying it thoroughly. When dried well, warm some linseed oil and with a soft cloth rub it over the oilcloth, using a very little oil and rubbing it in well. This will improve the appearance of the cloth wonderfully. If linseed oil is not convenient kerosene may be used, but linseed is much better for this purpose. Equal quantities of beeswax and linseed melted together are used by many as a good dressing for oilcloth, applying it the same as the plain oil, a little at a time.—*Boston Budget.*

HOW TO ACCEPT PRESENTS.

DON'T THINK YOU MUST PAY FOR EVERY ONE YOU RECEIVE, IT IS VULGAR.

Everybody can give sweetly, graciously and lovingly. How many can accept in the same spirit? I felt last year that there was a thread of coarseness in the girl who, looking at a fine book that had been sent her by a friend, said: "Oh, dear, I suppose I shall have to get her something in return for it!" That's barter and exchange. It isn't giving. Nothing was to be sent in exchange for the book unless it were the sweetest of thanks, and the mere fact of the acceptance of a gift does not force upon you its return.

Gift-giving is like love. The desire is supposed to come from the heart, and no gift is worth anything unless it is sent with that feeling, and that only. But then you think you are to accept and never to return? My dearest girl, we never know how we return things in this world, but everything does equalize itself. You have been a charming companion and have brightened many a moment to a woman whose purse is better filled than yours. She sends you, when a Christmas Day comes, some dainty present, some pretty trifle that she knows you would like, a book about which you have talked, or a picture that you have admired; the return you make should be your thanksgiving, and that is all. Your gift of a joyful presence was made long before the material one.

I do not mean by this that the woman who is not rich must not give—God forbid it—but I do mean she must not think of attempting to return at once the gift that has come to her. It is vulgar, my dear. Wait until another gift day comes round, and then give something that expresses yourself, the child of your brain and your fingers, rather than of your purse. After all, Emerson struck the key-note of gift-giving when he said, "our gifts are for the most part expressionless. Let the sailor bring a sea shell, the poet a poem and the painter a picture," and these are the gifts that, being part of yourself, may be received as of greater value than anything which money could obtain.—*Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

MAKING A HOME.

This is a suggestive paragraph from *Harper's Bazar*: "It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home, and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing, cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table, which is exactly what she was looking for, and in another month, discovering the need of a book-case or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and book-case in the city. Such a room is a growth, a gathering together of household treasures, little by little, and piece by piece. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph. Such a home, built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a meaning far deeper than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker."

RECIPES.

MAYONNAISE OF COD.—Pick cold boiled cod into large flakes; cover it with a mayonnaise dressing, garnishing it with cold boiled eggs cut in slices.

TOASTED CRACKERS.—Split Boston crackers and toast them until brown over a hot fire, or butter them lightly, and brown them in a hot oven.

TOMATO TOAST.—Stew a quart of tomatoes cut into small pieces, until you can mash them smooth with a spoon, and season them with butter, pepper and salt, and pour them over slices of buttered toast.

PICKLED FISH.—Pick any kind of cold boiled fish to pieces, and cover it with vinegar, to which you have added salt and pepper, a pinch of ground cloves, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of onion juice. Let it stand ten hours before using.

EGG SALAD.—Arrange a bed of celery or lettuce leaves on a platter. Boil six fresh eggs seven minutes. When they are thoroughly cold remove the shells, and cut them in slices, lay them on the lettuce, and cover with mayonnaise dressing. This dish may be garnished with parsley or celery leaves.

EGG-SANDWICHES.—Chop hard-boiled eggs fine with a cucumber pickle, large or small, according to the number of eggs. Pepper and salt, adding a little made mustard, and rubbing very smooth with a silver spoon. Spread between thin slices of crustless buttered bread. Pile on a plate on a folded napkin.

POUND CAKE.—Beat a pound of butter to a cream, stir in a pound of sifted powdered sugar and the rind and juice of a lemon. Beat ten eggs very light, and add to the butter and sugar. Mix thoroughly and add a pound of sifted flour. Beat thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven, in tins lined with buttered paper about an hour. This cake will keep in a cool, dry place for several weeks, even after being cut.

LEMON PUDDING.—Pour a quart of boiling milk over a pint and a half of bread crumbs. Put the mixture into a buttered pudding dish, stir in a teaspoonful of salt, cover closely with a plate, and let it stand half an hour. At the end of that time, beat into it three eggs and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat it until it is perfectly smooth, and bake it in a hot oven about three-quarters of an hour.

PLAIN OMELETTE.—Break six eggs into a bowl beat them very light and add six tablespoonsful of hot water. Have an iron sauce-pan, about eight inches in diameter, hot, and melt in it one tablespoonful of butter. Pour in the eggs and shake the saucepan vigorously until the mixture thickens. Let it stand a minute or two to brown, run a knife around the sides of the sauce pan, and double it over. Slip it into a hot dish and serve immediately. Just before folding it, sprinkle half a teaspoonful of salt over the top of the omelette.

GOLD CAKE.—Rub a generous half cup of butter to a cream, add a teacupful of powdered sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, and half a cup of milk, in the order given. Sift together a pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and stir it into the mixture. Beat until perfectly smooth, add a teaspoonful of lemon extract and bake in a shallow tin, lined with buttered paper, from twenty minutes to half an hour, in a steady oven, being careful not to open the oven door suddenly upon it. Powdered sugar sifted thickly over the top, just before baking, improves its appearance, or you can cover it with icing. Cut it in square blocks.

PUZZLES NO. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

To whom was this spoken—"Abide thou with me
Who seeketh my life seeketh also for thee?"
Who swept, with great pomp, into Cæsar's hall,
And sat with Agrippa to listen to Paul?
And said "Get you up to the mountains and hide,"
And then in the window a scarlet line tied?
Where Lysanias was tetrarch St. Luke doth record,
While John was preparing the way of the Lord?
Who says "Though the fruits and the flock be no more,
"I still will rejoice in the Lord as before?"
The country where Paul was forbidden to preach
When first he came over to Europe to teach?
A king who made Judah to err, and do worse
Than the heathen and brought it a terrible curse?

Set down all these answers, initials will tell
Who came out of Haran to Canaan to dwell:
The finals will furnish, when all have been done,
The name of the woman who married his son.

CHARADE.

A *total last* a mariner,
A seaman *last* a seafarer,
All mean the same;
All *one* the sea, and understand
The best way vessels to command,
Who bear the name.

SCRIPTURE QUESTION.

Whose wife was Noah?

RIDDLE.

I am sinuous and slender, never straight, yet not awry;
If the curve's the line of beauty, doubly beautiful am I.

As I'm serpentine in figure, so I'm sibilant in speech,
And, though beginning softly, I am heard in many a screech.

I've a share in all your sentiments, your sighing and your kissing,
And, though I'm not a by-word, I am certainly a hissing.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 16.

METAMORPHOSES.—1. Boy, toy, ton, tan, man. 3. Wolf, woof, wood, good, gond, load, loan, loon, lion. 3. Meat, heat, hear, hoar, hour, sour, soup. 4. Jane, mane, mare, Mary. 5. Book, boot, boat, beat, bent, tent. 6. Four, sour, soul, Saul, sail, tail, tail, tale, tile, Nile, nine.

WORD DELETIONS.—1. Ge(latin)e. 2. G(ask)ins. 3. Le(ague)d. 4. Met(hod)ic. 5. Sa(lute)d. 6. Cl(utter)ing.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.—

Naaman.—2 Kings	5,	1.
"	"	"	5.
"	"	"	7.
"	"	"	8-10.
"	"	"	11.
"	"	"	13.
"	"	"	15-16.
"	"	"	2-3.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Hazel—2 Kings viii, 13-15.

H-ushai	2 Sam. xvi. 19; xvii. 14-16.
A-hab	1 Kings xxi. 20; xvi. 31.
Z-echariah.	Zec. v. 10.
A-bishai	2 Sam. xvi. 9; xxi. 16, 17.
E-lijah	1 Kings xvii. 10, 20.
L-ot	Gen. xix. 20, 23, 24.

The Family Circle.

THE HIGH LICENSE DOG.

BY J. SHERMAN.

A man had a dog that was vicious and vile,
He was ugly and black as could be:
He bit every soul that came in his way,
And his owner grew fat on the blood of his prey,
Till the people were frightened—but what could they say?
The man kept the law, don't you see?

He paid his dog tax with so honest an air
You'd think him a saint in disguise;
The people looked on and said, "I declare
The life of that dog we surely must spare;
We need all the taxes or else we'd despair."
("And here they all groaned and looked wise.)

We must pay up the doctor and funeral bills—
They've been very heavy of late:
So many were bitten, so many have died,
"We need all the taxes," these wise acres cried:
"We'll make them still higher. We'll not be denied;
The man's love for his dog is so great."

The owner consented with radiant smiles.
As the dog, with permission given,
Went on with his work of destruction and woe.
And the owner and dog the bolder did grow
Till the streets with the blood of their victims did flow,
While their wailing ascended to heaven.

Then the people opened their eyes at last.
"We've made a mistake," they cry;
"We must kill that dog, or our fate is sealed,
We'll have that odious law repealed;
The taxes haven't the matter healed.
That bloodthirsty dog must die."

So they went to work with a right good will.
(For the people's word was law.)
And the dog soon slept his last long sleep,
And they buried him then in a grave so deep,
That the thunder of ages might over him sweep
And he never would move a paw.

[For the MESSENGER.

A BOY'S LESSON.

"Oh, dear, those boys do beat all!" sighed patient little Mrs. Morris as Ned Morris, a bluff, hearty school boy of thirteen, came tearing into the sitting-room, a book-bag strapped across his shoulder, and a great three-cornered rent in his pantaloons.

"Ned, however did you tear your trousers so, and your new pair too?"

"I'm sure I don't know, mother. I didn't know they were torn till just this minute," and Ned looked in blank dismay at the torn garment.

"Go and change them, son, and when I get time I'll try to mend ——"

"Mother, mother," called a voice from the kitchen, "I want some dry clothes, quick! I fell in the creek down here, and I'm just sopping wet, clean through."

Adjourning to the kitchen Mrs. Morris found Harry, the youngest of her trio of boys, shivering by the stove, the water dripping from his clothes like a veritable Nereid.

Under mother's patient ministrations the wet garments were soon removed, and the boy made dry and comfortable again, but Mrs. Morris looked more weary and despondent than ever, and she sighed drearily as she thought how much her cares were increased by the heedlessness of those loving, thoughtless boys of her. Living on a farm and doing every thing herself she had to work early and late to keep home bright and attractive for her husband and the boys—hard, dull, prosaic work it was, too, with scarcely a glint of sunshine to illumine the dark places.

"The boys could help me so much if they would only be careful," she sighed. "I have tried every plan I can think of to make them so, but nothing seems to do any good."

Herbert, the eldest boy, attended school in the town, three miles distant, going down every morning and returning in the evening.

"Did you bring me the yeast cake I wanted, Herbert?" his mother enquired anxiously, as later on he entered the sitting-room, just returned from school.

"There, I declare if I haven't forgotten it! I did intend to bring it, mother, but there was a fire in town this afternoon and I ——"

"And the minister and his wife coming to-morrow, and no bread in the house! Oh, Herbert, Herbert!" wailed Mrs. Morris, "my boy, what are you going to do with your life? Those careless habits will be your ruin."

Herbert looked up in astonishment. He had never seen his patient, gentle mother like this before. He was an impulsive, warm-hearted boy, and the sight of her distress moved him greatly.

"Never mind, mother, I'll just tramp back and get one. Serve me right too, for being so thoughtless."

Mrs. Morris hesitated. It had been raining heavily all day, and the roads were filled with snow and water. Behind the house the brook, swelled into a roaring torrent, went foaming and tumbling by, sweeping away fences and other obstructions in its path.

"Too bad to let him go back on such a night," she mused. "I could manage to get along, but then I am convinced nothing short of a severe lesson of some kind will ever cure him, and perhaps this may do it." She cast a regretful glance after the boy as he went whistling merrily down the road wholly intent on repairing the mischief, and then turned to prepare the evening meal.

A substantial supper was on the table, the lamps trimmed and burning when Mr. Morris, thoroughly tired, came in. He had been opening ditches all day to give the water egress.

"This is the worst thaw I have seen for some time," he remarked, helping himself liberally to buckwheat cakes. "I have never seen the water so high, and it is still rising. Shouldn't wonder if Fly Creek bridge went to-night."

"Fly Creek bridge," cried Mrs. Morris turning pale. "You don't mean that!"

"It was never very strong at the best. Yes. I wouldn't be surprised if the old structure disappeared to-night."

"And Herbert!" gasped his wife.

"Hasn't Herbert come home? Oh, well, the walking is bad, and he has probably concluded to stay in town to-night."

"Oh, no, no! He will come home. May even now be on his way!"

"Nonsense, wife, he would have been here before this if he was coming. Like a sensible boy he will stay where he is to-night."

Hurriedly Mrs. Morris related the whole circumstance. Pale and grave Mr. Morris rose from his unfinished supper, lighted a lantern and went to the stable, and soon his wife heard his sleigh bells going swiftly down the road. "Would he be in time," she prayed, "Oh would he be in time to save her boy!"

Meantime, how fared it with Herbert? It was growing dark rapidly when he reached the grocery got the yeast cake and started to return.

"It's a shame to have to turn out such a night as this," he grumbled as he plodded on through the rain and darkness. "I think mother might have managed somehow." The next moment his conscience smote him severely as he remembered how many times that patient mother had "managed somehow" when his carelessness caused her unnecessary trouble or inconvenience. "Well there is one thing anyway. If I once get out of this fix I don't think I shall forget things again in a hurry."

He had now reached the bridge. The night was intensely dark and he peered anxiously ahead but could not see a yard before him. He could hear the angry swirl of the water as it dashed madly over a little rapid just above the bridge. Putting his foot out cautiously he felt for the bridge. Yes, he touched something solid. It was all right. The next moment he was struggling in the foaming water.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he cried, "you will never know now how sorry I am, and how much better I meant to do."

Trying bravely to keep afloat he felt something scratch his face, and to his great joy succeeded in getting hold of a limb of a tree which had become detached and was floating down stream. Raising his voice he called loudly for help. Hark, was that an answering shout! Yes, surely, and a light was swiftly approaching coming down the bank.

"Here," called Herbert, wildly, "quick! I can't hold on much longer."

"Courage, my boy," called the clear, even voice of his father. "Hold firm and I will soon save you."

The lantern flashed over the stream, and by its light Herbert saw the rope thrown to him by his father's steady hand. Grasping it firmly the half-drowned boy was soon drawn safely to the bank.

"Oh, mother," sobbed the penitent boy, as an hour later he was safely ensconced between warm blankets drinking a steaming gruel, "I shall never forget those awful moments in the water. It has taught me a lesson I shall remember always. You will never again be worried by my forgetful, careless habits."

And he kept his word. Soon people began to notice how systematic and painstaking Herbert Morris was, it being all the more remarkable in one so young.

"You can depend on him every time," was the general verdict. "A time and a place for everything," was his motto, and he never once failed to live up to it.

But when others praise his orderly, careful habits, and hold him up as an example for careless, untidy boys in other homes, Mrs. Morris shudders as she remembers how dearly bought was the experience which made Herbert what he is to-day, his mother's pride and blessing.

A. M. W.

A STUMBLING BLOCK REMOVED.

"And no man puteth new wine in old bottles, else the new wine will burst the bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles, and both are preserved. No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, the old is better."—Luke chap. 5, 37-39.

Frank Wright, chemist, in Kensington, London, who at this day makes pure unfermented wine, has written such a clear explanation of this passage in a leaflet generally presented to the purchasers of his wines, that I quote rather than give an explanation in my own words:—

"The bottles spoken of, it should be borne in mind, were the common bottles of the country, i.e., skins of animals sewn together, the seams and the inside smeared over with a kind of pitch, to make them air and water-tight; the old bottles, as shown in Dr. Lee's works, being also often rubbed over with honey for the same purpose. The pressure which such bottles would bear even when new must be small indeed. Their expansibility under pressure must also be very trifling; and hence such bottles, no matter whether they were old or new, must be quite incapable of resisting the enormous force of the expansive gas arising from fermenting fluid. It is clear, therefore, that the choice of the 'new bottle' for preserving the 'new wine' was determined, not by the question of its strength or elasticity, but by some specific quality present in the old, but not in the new, whereby fermentation would be set up in the one case, but not in the other. The new bottle would not burst, not because it was so much stronger than the old one, but because, as nothing would ferment in it, its strength would never be tried like the other. This determining quality in the old bottles, for the absence of which the new one was chosen, might be derived from one of two sources, or from both. First, from portions of the skin where the pitchy lining had cracked or peeled off, being in a state of decay through exposure to the air in a moist state: secondly, from portions of sediment deposited from the previous contents of the bottle, and which, like the bottle itself, would run into decay when exposed to the action of air and moisture. In either case a fermenting action would be communicated to any fluid capable of undergoing such a change very soon after being placed in such a bottle; and the result would quickly be what every chemist would predict, and which the text describes—'The bottle would burst and the wine be spilled.'"

"Wine, from which all air has been excluded by preserving it in vacuo, is so much improved in taste and flavor by being kept even a month or two unopened, that I should not suppose it to be the same article did I not know it. What effect will be produced by keeping it for years is a problem which time will solve. At any rate, this text can no longer be regarded as having any special application to intoxicating wines, and taken in conjunction with the text preceding it, can leave no rational doubt that the Saviour's reference in this much-abused passage was to wine in its unfermenced and boiled condition."

"Knowing that such wine was in common use when our Lord was on earth, can we imagine that the wine he created at the marriage feast had in it the elements of corruption and decay? or that the wine he drank and blessed at the Passover, when he instituted the Lord's Supper, was any other than what he there called it, "the fruit of the vine," not that in which the nutritive and life-sustaining qualities of the fruit were changed for elements productive of destruction to body and soul."

"And while alcoholic wine may have its place among our medicines, the pure grape-juice, whether fresh or preserved, is the true type of that fruit of the vine which we look forward to drinking new with our Lord in the Father's kingdom."—*Selected.*

IN TRAINING.

"That," said a Sophomore in one of our colleges to a visitor, "is John Black." He pointed to a wiry, muscular young fellow, who in boating costume was making his way to the riverside. "He is going to take a pull on the steam for an hour. He is completely in the hands of his trainer now."

"And what does his trainer do for him?" asked the ignorant visitor.

"He regulates his whole day. John gets out of bed at a certain minute every morning; he exercises with Indian clubs; is rubbed down; runs a couple of miles on the course; takes a cold bath; is rubbed down again, and so on until night. Every mouthful he eats is prescribed by the trainer. The day is strictly divided into hours for exercise, for rest, for bathing, and for work. The life he leads is as hard as the life of a galley-slave."

"Why does he do it?"

"He is to run against the college companion. He must put himself in training if he wants to win the prize."

"What is the prize?"

"A gold medal."

The visitor was also a young man. He did not want to run or jump or row for a prize, but he had a great ambition to live a high, noble, helpful life.

It occurred to him now, that he had not been working so hard to that end as this other boy was working for a gold medal. When his companion left him, he walked on alone, thinking of it, and he made a resolution which may seem fantastic to some of the readers of this article.

He would put his soul in training. Every morning he would give an hour to his Bible, and seek to bring his thoughts and motives into comparison with the thoughts and motives of Christ.

He would then exercise his judgment as this athlete did his body, to make it stronger. For instance, in the circle of his family and friends, his thoughts were likely to be harsh and censorious, for he was naturally a severe judge. But he would compel himself to find some good feature in each character, to think of it, and look at his friends through its kindly light.

His charity, like the athlete's muscles, would be thus strengthened by use.

The runner gave part of the day to climbing a steep mountain in the neighborhood; he thus gained power and health by the muscular exercise and by breathing purer air than that of the town.

He, too, would try to leave behind the gossip, the trivialities, the coarseness on the dead level of his daily life, and climb to the height of some noble thought, or of some great truth of science.

Moreover, as the daily bath was necessary for the body of the athlete, so must it be for his soul. He would, by self-examination, seek to cleanse it of all the impurities that might originate within, or be gathered by contact with the world from without.

Why, he thought, if this boy puts his body in such severe training to gain a coveted honor in his college life, shall I not train my soul to win a life that is gentle and true and merciful, and that takes hold of the "life that is to come."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LOCUST PLAGUE IN NORTHERN INDIA.

Lieutenant F. Field, of the U. C. Service, Peshawur, sent recently to the *London Graphic*, sketches of the late locust plague in India. Armies of locusts, he says, were sweeping over the northern parts of the Punjab all through the spring of this year. One of our engravings represents a cloud of these insects dropping on to the spring wheat crop. The unfortunate cultivators are endeavoring to frighten them away. But though crops and human beings suffer from these invasions, the insect-eating tribes of birds have a fine time of it, as they greatly enjoy the change of diet. Kites catch the locusts in their claws, and eat them while careering about in mid-air; but crows, which impale the insects on their beaks, have to pitch before they can eat them. Flights of locusts settle occasionally on the railway line, and owing to this cause the trains have more than once been unable to proceed. The wheels of the train crush the insects, and the juice from their bodies prevents the wheels from taking hold of the rails.

KITES AND CROWS CATCHING LOCUSTS.

THEN WE ARE BROTHERS!*

A deeply interesting book was recently published by the Rev. Egerton R. Young, relating his personal experiences as a missionary among the Cree and Salteaux Indians of the extreme North land of America. Mr. Young, with his estimable wife, spent nine years among them in a state of practical exile from the civilized world, having mail communication but once in six months, and reduced much of the time to the food resources of the country; living, occasionally, for months at a time, on fish, possibly varied by small contributions of wild meat.

Mankind have already shown an appreciation of the heroic element, and Mr. Young and his wife have found a wide appreciation of their self-denial and devotion among a large circle of sympathizers with missionary work in Europe and America.

Naturally enough those who have listened to his tender or humorous stories, these traits of the red man, and these triumphs of Divine grace, begged Mr. Young to put these narratives into a more permanent form.

Mr. Young had gone to a tribe which had never heard the Gospel, and summoned them to a council to see if they were disposed to become Christians. The principal chief, according to their unwritten laws of precedence, spoke first. His voice was good and full of pathos. He said:—

"Missionary, I have long lost faith in our old paganism." Then, pointing down to the outer edge of the audience, where some old conjuries and medicine-men were seated, he said—

"They know I have not cared for our old religion. I have neglected it. And I will tell you, missionary, why I have not believed in our old paganism for a long time. I hear God in the thunder, in the tempest, and in the storm; I see his power in the lightning that shivers the tree to kindling wood; I see his goodness in giving us the moose, the reindeer, the beaver, and the bear; I see his loving kindness in giving us, when the south winds blow, the ducks and geese; and when the snow and ice melt away, and our lakes and rivers are open again, I see how he fills them with fish. I have watched these things for years, and I see how during every moon of the year he gives us something.

"And so he has arranged it, that if we are only industrious and careful, we can always have something to eat. So, thinking about these things which I had observed, I made up my mind years ago that this Great Spirit, so kind and so watchful and so loving, did not care for the beating of the conjurer's drum, or the shaking of the rattle of the medicine-man."

Then, turning to the missionary, he said, "Missionary, what you have said to-day fills my heart and satisfies all its longings. It is just what I have been expecting to hear about the Great Spirit. I am so glad you have come with this wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, do not forget us, but come again as soon as you can."

Many more responded. The last to speak was an old man with grizzly hair. He was a queer, savage-looking man, and spoke in an excited way. He said:—

"Missionary, once my hair was as black as a crow's; now it is getting white. Grey hairs here, and grandchildren in the wigwam, tell that I am getting to be an old man, and yet I never heard such things as you have told us to-day. I am so glad I did not die before I heard this wonderful story. Yet I am getting old. Grey hairs here, and grandchildren yonder, tell the story.

"Stay as long as you can, missionary; tell us much of these things, and when you have to go away, come back soon, for I have grandchildren, and I have grey hairs, and I may not live many winters more. Do come back soon. Missionary, may I say more?"

"Talk on. I am here to listen," said the missionary.

"You said just now 'No tawenan' (our Father)?"

"Yes, I did say 'Our Father.'"

"That is very new and very sweet to us. We never thought of the Great Spirit as our Father. We heard him in the thunder, and saw him in the lightning and tempest and blizzard, and we were afraid. So when you told us of the Great Spirit as Father, that is very beautiful to us."

Lifting up his eyes, after a moment, to the missionary, he said, "May I say more?"

"Yes," he answered, "say on."

"You say 'No tawenan' (Our Father). He is your Father?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "He is my Father."

"Then," he said, while his eyes and voice yearned for the answer, "does it mean he is my Father—poor Indian's Father?"

"Yes, oh yes, he is your Father too," said the missionary.

"Your Father—missionary's Father and Indian's Father too?"

"Yes," said the missionary.

"Then we are brothers?" he shouted.

"Yes, we are brothers," said the missionary.

The excitement in the audience became wonderful. But the old man had not yet finished. He said,

"May I say more?"

"Yes, say on; all that is in your heart," was the reply.

"Well," the Indian resumed, "I do not want to be rude, but it does seem to me that you, my white brother, have been a long time in coming with that great book and its wonderful story, to tell it to your red brothers in the woods."

Among the many incidents recorded in this volume is a thrilling one of Christian Indians volunteering to carry food relief to some white settlers far in the north, shut away from supplies by the prevalence of small-pox. It was a long and perilous journey, with risk of contagion.

The expedition was well conducted by an Indian named Samuel, but though he brought back all his force in good condition, the strain had been too much for him, and, nervously prostrated, he soon died. His death, however, was a happy one. His widow and children were cared for, but after a time removed to a distant settlement, where Mr. Young subsequently found them in great need. Looking at their extreme poverty the following colloquy ensued:

"Nancy, you seem to be very poor: you don't seem to have anything to make you happy and comfortable."

Very quickly came the response, in much more cheerful strains than those of the missionary.

"I have not got much, but I am not unhappy, missionary."

"You, poor creature," he said, "you don't seem to have anything to make you comfortable."

"I have but little," she said, quietly.

"Have you any venison?" "No!"

"Have you any flour?" "No!"

"Have you any tea?" "No!"

"Have you any potatoes?"

When this last question was uttered the poor woman looked up and said, "I have no potatoes, for don't you remember, at the time of the potato planting Samuel took charge of the brigade that went up with provisions to save the poor white people. And Samuel is not here to shoot deer that I may have venison: and Samuel is not here to catch mink and marten and beaver, and other things to exchange for flour and tea."

"What have you got, poor woman?"

"I have got a couple of fish nets."

"What do you do when it is too stormy to visit the nets?"

"Sometimes some of the men from the other houses visit them for me, and bring me fish. Then we sometimes get some by fishing through the ice."

"What about when it is too stormy for any one to go?"

She quietly said, "If we have nothing left we go without."

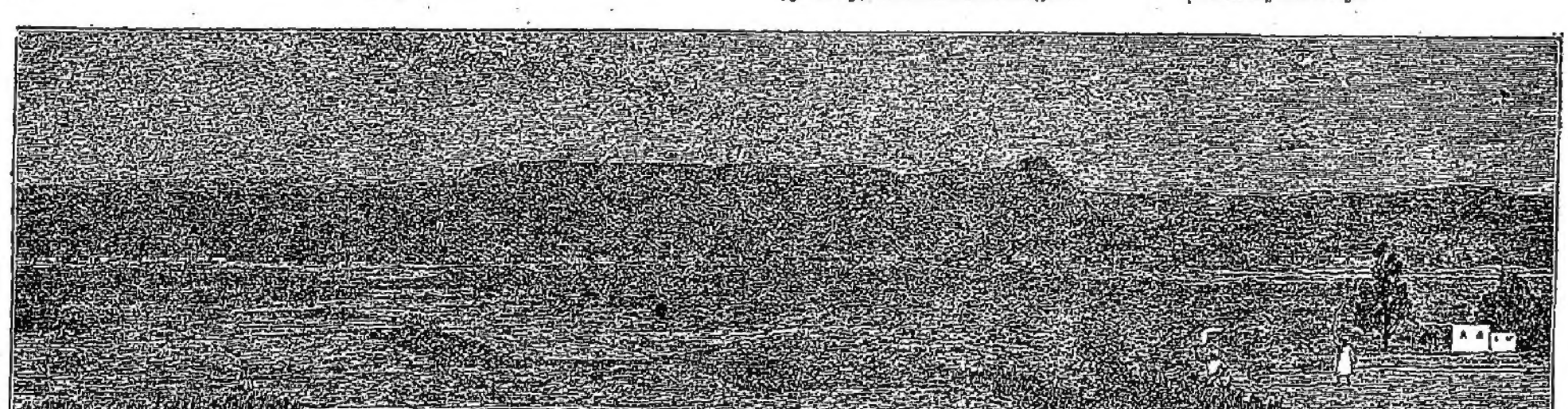
The missionary hurried out of the room to stifle his emotion, but the woman, suspecting the feelings of his heart, followed him out and said.

"Ayumeaoke (Praying master), I do not want you to feel so badly for me; it is true I am very poor; it is true since Samuel died we have often been very hungry, and have often suffered from the bitter cold; but, missionary, you have heard me say that Samuel gave his heart to God, so I have given my heart to God, and he who comforted Samuel and helped him, so that he died happily, is my Saviour; and where Samuel has gone, by-and-by I am going too, and that thought makes me happy all the day long."

Of course, her necessities were relieved by the care and thoughtfulness of the missionary.

We have no room for extracts showing the cost at which this missionary work was done, the long privations, exposure to severe weather, and danger from vindictive heathen tribes; nor can we quote the fascinating stories for young people about the canoe and dog-sledge adventures.—*Friendly Greetings.*

*"By Canoe and Dog-Train among the Cree and Salteaux Indians." By Egerton R. Young, Missionary.



VILLAGERS DRIVING A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS FROM THE CROPS.

A FRESH WATER AQUARIUM.

Every home which has a healthy growth of domestic life welcomes new elements of beauty and household interest. Most families keep flowers and plants; and their beauty and fragrance amply repay the trouble of raising or tending them.

Many others, perhaps, would gladly keep an aquarium, not only as an adornment, but also as a means of instruction and agreeable recreation, if they were sure they could keep its inhabitants in a healthy state. It may be that former attempts have failed, or exaggerated notions of the amount of care necessary have deterred them from venturing to keep an aquarium. I hope to show how simple an affair a fresh-water aquarium really is.

The elaborately decorative aquarium is too large a subject for this article. Nor shall I treat of tank arrangements in which it is necessary to maintain a flow of water.

An aquarium, as we shall here understand the word, is a self-sustaining collection, never requiring any other change of water than that which comes with the replacing of water which has evaporated, and which is, therefore, within the reach of every girl and boy.

A few words of explanation are necessary. Fishes breathe air as land animals do, but they extract the air from the water through their gills, absorbing the oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid. If kept in a confined water space, they soon use all the oxygen; the water becomes stale from the excess of carbonic acid, and the fish die.

All plants, on the other hand, absorb carbonic acid. They use the pure carbon to build up tissue, and they give out free oxygen. They further distil oxygen from water, taking up the hydrogen.

Now if we can establish a just balance, by growing plants in a tank which contains fish, we shall not have to change or aerate the water, for the plants and fishes will supply each other with life-giving elements.

Let the reader, then, get any kind of vessel which holds five gallons or more, and which will not contaminate water with any poisonous quality of its own. A wooden tub will do, but a glass tank is better, since it affords better means of observation.

A square glass tank is preferable to a round one, as the unequal refraction of curved glass distorts the view.

Whatever vessel is chosen, cover the bottom with about an inch of clean sand and pebbles, and pour in river, spring, artesian or well water through the nose of a watering-pot, in order not to disturb the arrangements of the pebbles and sand.

Let the water fill the tank about two-thirds full, and let it stand a few days before introducing the fish.

If you have a microscope you will soon detect a rapid growth of minute plants. A green slime will cover the pebbles and the inner surface of the glass sides.

But do not be alarmed; this growth is just what you want. The slime is made up of the plants that will supply your fish with oxygen, and enable you to keep your tank for years without any trouble.

You will see thousands of small bubbles covering these plants and ascending from them. They are oxygen bubbles.

Furthermore, this green growth will prevent an excess of light, which is highly injurious to fish. You will, however, keep one side of your glass tank clean to facilitate observation. Tie a small sponge on a short stick, and use it exclusively to wipe the scum from this side of the tank.

Never put the tank in the sunshine, but choose a northerly aspect, with little direct light. For decorative tanks adorned with flowering plants sunlight is, of course, necessary, but our aquarium needs other management.

When dust accumulates a glass cover must be used; but it is better to remove the tank when dust must fly.

Hang a small thermometer in the water, and never let the temperature rise to sixty degrees nor sink below forty degrees. Fish stand cold better than heat; so beware of stoves in winter.

If your fish rise gasping to the surface, you will know that your aquarium is a failure. You must in that case either renew the water or aerate it; but with a little care you will never need to do either.

After plant life has flourished in your tank for a week, a microscope will show thousands of infusorial animalculæ swarming through the water. You will learn that vegetable matter in water always induces these important growths. They serve as food for the smaller fishes, and, like plants, absorb carbonic acid and give out oxygen.

Now for the inmates. As a general rule, have too few rather than too many fishes. Allow a gallon of water to every fish less than four inches in length, if your plant growth is abundant. Fishes over eight inches long require eight gallons of water each, and ten-inch fish twelve gallons apiece.

Stock moderately at first, and with the increase of plant growth your tank will support more fish.

Minnows, small perch, goldfish and German carp look well and thrive in an aquarium. They are very hardy and easily tamed. If fed regularly they soon learn to take bread crumbs, out of your fingers, and allow you to stroke them gently.

Feed your fish twice a week with bread crumbs, white of egg, flies, spiders, small worms and ants; but do not give food in very cold weather, for then fish do not eat.

Always see that every fragment is eaten up, or else remove it at once; any decaying object will soon poison the water.

For the removal of crumbs, shreds of meat and any black growths, use a dipping-tube—a glass tube about half a inch in diameter, and open at both ends.

To use it, place your finger on the top of the tube, and thrust it down over the object to be removed; lift up the finger, and the water will rise in the tube, carrying the object with it. Bring it to the surface, place the finger on the top again, and lift it out.

Of course evaporation will lower the surface of the water, and every week the loss in this way must be supplied.

If, from some unexplainable cause, a fish appears to be sick, remove it to a shallow vessel containing sand and pebbles covered by a few inches of water, where it will rub itself against them and perhaps recover.

The ambitious student will have several small tanks to use in studying the habits of pond and brook inhabitants. Preserve-jars serve admirably for such work. Put pebbles at the bottom of each jar, and plant a few tufts of some growing water-weed. A few hours' work with a net at any stagnant pond or ditch will put the student in possession of water-bugs of all shapes and sizes, dragon-fly, gnat and mosquito larvæ, caddis worms, polyps, newts and molluska.

A good book on natural history will give details which may be verified easily; and these jars will not only serve as subjects of domestic diversion and interest, but will stimulate a spirit of inquiry, and bring within the view of the poorest student many of God's mysterious ways in nature.

Perhaps some readers will be disappointed because nothing has been said about decorative features. But it should be remembered that every piece of rock-work displaces a like amount of water, and makes it possible for fewer fishes to live in our primitive tank.

If the tank is large enough, some rock-work made of coke or pumice-stone, dipped several times in a thin batter of cement, may be put in. Cement the pieces together, and use your taste in making an archway, through which the fish will be glad to sport. Pockets may be made in this arch for the insertion of flower-pots. When the plants are in full bloom, set them into these pockets, and you will have a very pretty and effective piece of decoration.

This is the only way our aquarium for the beginner will submit to receive flowering plants. The constant care occasioned by the decay of parts of plants will not allow the young student to grow them in the water; but when he has successfully maintained a self-sustaining aquarium for at least six months, he may venture to introduce some aquatic plants, such as grow in ponds. Water thyme, the yellow water-lily, and the various tank plants. Cover their roots with pebbles, and they will flourish; but do not let them choke up the tank. They blossom in early summer, and certainly add much to the beauty of a fresh-water aquarium.—*Youth's Companion.*

A YOUNG KNIGHT.

One dark evening in January, Mrs. Burns had had several little purchases to make before Sunday; and when she walked over to the store it was quite full of persons having similar Saturday errands.

A country store is not very bountifully supplied with clerks, and Mrs. Burns had to wait her turn. Then, after all her parcels were securely wrappped up, an old friend stepped into the store, about whose sick daughter Mrs. Burns wished to inquire, so when she came out she found the dusk had turned to darkness.

Not a star was to be seen, and the wind whirled round the corner and nearly took her off her feet. Her eyes were blinded coming out of the lighted store, and when she stepped down to the sidewalk, which was very uneven, she felt almost afraid to take another step. However, she drew her shawl about her, held her parcels close, and walked very slowly, feeling carefully for every step.

She had passed beyond the light from the store, when she heard footsteps; but she could not see which way to step to avoid a collision with the person approaching. She spoke,—"I can't see which way to go; but I'm here, do not knock me over."

It was then the knight showed himself. It was only Will Somerby coming down the street, with his freckled face and kind blue eyes, wearing his well-worn jacket and school cap in place of the knight's armor and helmet. When he heard the voice he stopped, for even his eyes found it not easy to see Mrs. Burns' black-robed figure in the dark.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have you missed the road?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Burns, "but I couldn't see you, and I was afraid you wouldn't see me, and that we might run against each other."

Will stepped close to her now, and though it was dark, he raised his cap.

"Isn't this Mrs. Burns?" he asked. "Let me help you. It is very dark. Take my arm, if you please," and before Mrs. Burns could realize what had happened, he had taken her bundles from her, and, leaning on his strong arm, she was being safely piloted home.

They soon parted at Mrs. Burns' door-step. "I am very grateful to you," she said, as she stood in the doorway, relieving Will of her bundles. "It was so dark, and the sidewalk is so uneven."

"You are very welcome," said Will. "I'm glad I happened along," and he raised his cap. "Good night."

"Good night," repeated Mrs. Burns, and she closed the door as Will Somerby turned away. "He seems such a knightly young fellow, and I am sure he will go through life doing just such deeds."

Helping old women home does not sound very romantic, but only those who are truly knightly think of just such kind, courteous deeds. And is it not good to know that to every one of us such opportunities come? One does not need to be high-born, or highly educated, nor to have great belongings, nor even to do great deeds, to be accounted—and truly so—a knightly soul.—*Christian Herald.*

CATTLE AND MUSIC.

An English writer on the "Effects of Musical Sounds on Animals" has published some curious observations on this subject. A few of these relating to oxen and cows will be of interest.

Opposite to our house was a large field, in which some twelve or thirteen cows were put during the summer months. One day a German band began to play on the road which divided the house from the field. The cows were quietly grazing at the other end of the field, but no sooner did they hear the music than they at once advanced toward it, and stood with their heads over the wall attentively listening.

This might have passed unnoticed, but upon the musicians going away, the animals followed them as well as they could on the other side of the wall, and when they could get no farther stood lowing piteously. So excited did the cows become that some of them ran round and round the field to try to get out; but, finding no outlet, returned to the same corner where they had lost sight of the band, and it was some time before they seemed satisfied that the sweet sounds were really gone.

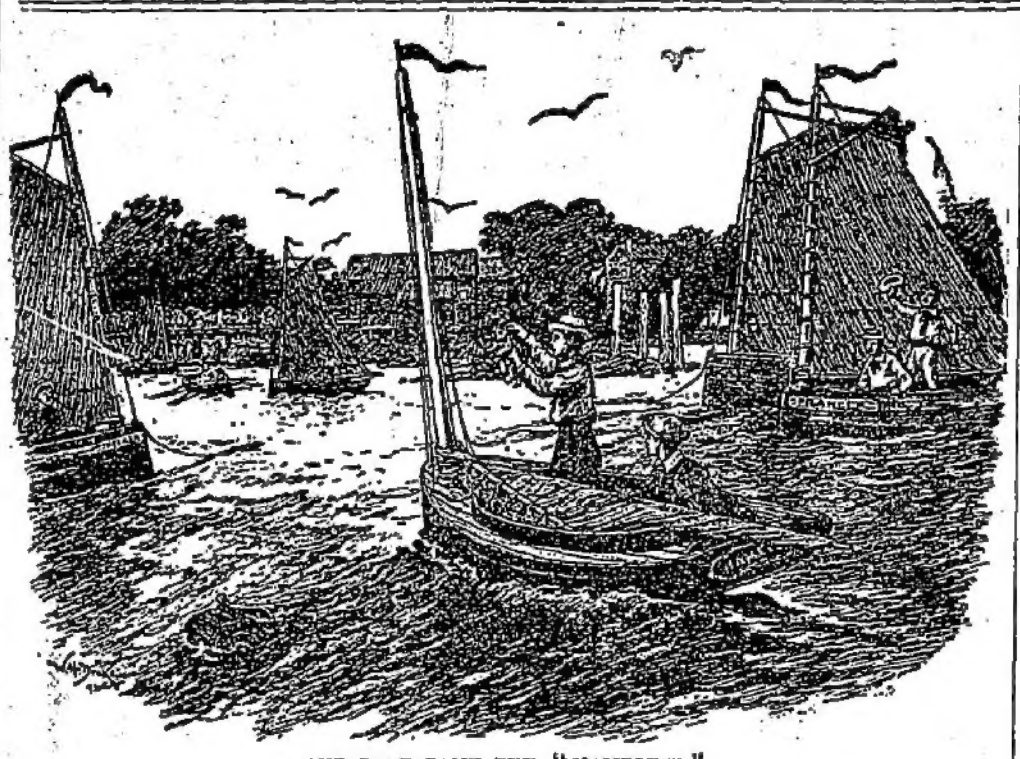
I have often noticed the power music has over oxen. The other day we had a brass band playing in our garden. In a field adjoining were four Scotch oxen.

When the band struck up, they were at the far end of a nine-acre field, quite out of sight, the field being very uneven. They set off full trot to the garden wall, put their necks over, and remained so till the tune was finished, when they went back to graze; but as soon as the music struck up again they came and put their heads once more over the wall. This went on till the band left, after which they ate little all day, and were continually lowing.

There are many anecdotes that show that the ox or cow has a musical ear. The carts in Corunna, in Spain, make so loud and disagreeable a creaking sound with their wheels, for the want of oil, that the governor once issued an order to have the wheels greased, but the carters petitioned that this might not be done, as the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw so well without their accustomed music.

THREE MISSIONARY SONS.

A Moravian mother was called upon by a Christian visitor with sad news. "Your son," said he to the mother, "is gone." "Is Thomas gone to heaven through the missionary life? Would to God that He would call my son John!" Well, John did become a missionary; and fell. And this time the committee were very sad; but, before opening their lips, the old woman anticipated the story, and exclaimed, "Thank God! Would that He would call my last son, William!" And William, too, went, and fell; when the noble woman exclaimed, "Would that I had a thousand sons to give to God!"—Oh! would that we had a thousand such mothers! Then would our ranks be full.



AND LAST CAME THE "NAMELESS."

FOUR SIDES TO A TRIANGLE.

(By Charles R. Talbot, in St. Nicholas.)

(Concluded.)

At the "finish" of the race, the "Flash" came in first, still making good her claim to being the best boat in the club. Commodore Caldwell proudly kissed his hand, as amid plaudits from the shore and the waving of gay-hued parasols and handkerchiefs he shot across the line and his time was taken.

The "Prancer" came next, not so very far behind, winner of second place. Then followed, one after the other, the "Winsome," the "Jolie," and the "Black-Eyed Susan."

And last, with her colors union down, in comic token of distress, came the "Nameless." Phil's friends greeted him laughingly as he and Horace came up the steps of the wharf.

"Hallo, Phil," they cried, "brought 'em all back with you this time, eh?"

"Yes," answered Phil laughing. "We carried everything before us this time."

Then, with the cat under his arm, he went up to the bishop's to get his tin watch. Phil had no notion of being ashamed of himself because he had been beaten. He was not sorry for what he had done.

There was a gathering of the guests on the bishop's lawn, where there were to be refreshments, and the awarding of the prizes.

Miss Maitland herself conferred the first two prizes, speaking a few appropriate words to the winners as she did so. Phil Carr's heart throbbed rebelliously as he saw Clarence Caldwell receive and bear away the yachting ensign. Phil had wanted that ensign dreadfully, and he knew that "by good rights" he ought to have it. But he was glad that Dave Comstock took the second prize, which Dave could not have done had the "Nameless" kept her course.

Then, after a moment, Mr. Poindexter, Miss Maitland's uncle, came forward holding a pasteboard box. Mr. Poindexter was a quaint, wiry little gentleman with a nervous manner and a quick, jerky way of speaking. His jokes always sounded funny whether they were so or not. Phil bit his lip and felt that his time had come.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Poindexter began in a comically impressive tone, "I believe that watches or chronometers are generally considered indispensable on board ship."

Then he took the tin watch from the box and held it up to view. There was a burst of good-natured merriment from the audience. They understood that this was the booby prize.

"I suppose they are needed," continued the speaker, "to keep the ship from being behind time." At this there was more merriment. Then he added facetiously, "I don't know whether this is the starboard watch or the port watch or the dog watch. Perhaps it is the anchor watch." Whereupon those who were listening laughed more than ever; all except Phil, who did not feel like seeing anything funny about it at all.

Then Mr. Poindexter's manner suddenly became graver.

"But before I call upon the young gentleman who has won this valuable prize to come forward and receive it, I wish to show you its works," said he, "and to tell you a little story about it."

Mr. Poindexter, as he spoke these words, touched a spring in the case of the watch, which, flying open, disclosed a bright object within. This object he took out and held up to view by itself. It was a beautiful gold watch and chain. The audience gazed at it in silent wonder, Phil Carr more amazed and mystified than all the rest.

"You all know," continued Mr. Poindexter, smiling, "that I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is my hobby, people say, and I am quite content that they should call it so, if they like. Certainly, the objects which that society has in view commend themselves to me, and I think so well of them that I do everything I can to forward them wherever I am. When I came down here yesterday and learned about the boat race, I immediately concocted a little plan of my own in connection with it, which had to do directly with this hobby of mine. I resolved to test these boys, while they were racing their boats and striving for their prizes, in a new way—to find out how much kindness of heart they could feel and show for a dumb animal in distress.

"This was the way I did it. This morning, as soon as the boats started in the race, I had a man take a steam launch and go down to what you know as Highwater Rock and leave there, on the rock, a cat that I had borrowed. I did not mean to leave her there for any length of time, of course, or that she should be in danger. The man had instructions to wait until the boats were in sight before he left her; and he was to run over to Wood Island until the boats went by, and then go back and take her off again. I had an object in view which I thought warranted me in subjecting her to so much of anxiety. I knew that the boats, in sailing the last stretch of the race, would pass in full view of the rock and must see the cat. And I knew that each of those boys would know that if the poor creature were left there the tide would certainly come up before long and drown her. My object was to see if any of the boys would turn aside from the race to pick her up. I hoped that some one of them would be humane enough to do so even though he should thereby seriously damage his prospects in the race. I am glad to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that the plan succeeded admirably.

"The captain of one of the boats had the race practically in his hands. Four of the boats were well behind him, and he was rapidly overhauling the only one that was ahead. And yet, in spite of this, when he saw that none of the others would do it, he himself stood over to Highwater Rock and rescued the cat from her perilous position. I saw the whole race through a spy-glass from the bishop's cupola, as plainly as if I myself had been in the boat. It was a noble act. I honor and praise that young gentleman for it. And in the name of the Society, which in some sense I represent, I thank him for it, and beg him to accept this watch as a tribute to his real manliness of character. Will Master Philip Carr please come to the platform?"

Then Phil, confused and blushing, went forward, and presently found himself, cat and all, standing before the audience while a perfect storm of applause burst upon him from the hundred true friends of his that were present. Everybody liked Phil Carr; but they liked him that day as they had never liked him before. And when he received his new gold watch everybody was as glad and happy over it as he was himself.

"Ah, Phil!" said the bishop's daughter as she took his hand to congratulate him, "this is better than beating the "Flash," is it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Phil. And then he added confidentially, "But I mean to beat the "Flash" yet, Miss Maitland."

THE LITTLE GIRL'S CRUSADE.

BY EMMA STEWART.

Mrs. Avery was very sorry indeed when she could no longer put off sending Belle to the public school. She had attended it herself, and knew there were usually some little girls, and big ones too, for that matter, who used vulgar language and told improper stories, and she feared Belle might become contaminated, or in other words, not continue to be the pure little girl she hoped she was then. She thought about it for some time, and then decided on a plan.

She painted a little text in blue and gold on a card, and fastened it in Belle's spelling book, and also did one in red and gold for Artie. Then she took Belle into her own little room, and after showing her the card, told her she did not wish her to listen to any thing at school which she would hesitate or blush to repeat to her when she came home. Belle promised, and was much pleased with the pretty card which was to serve as a reminder.

That very day at recess, the girls were all sitting on some benches on the sunny-side of the school-house, eating their lunch, when one of the large girls began to tell a story Belle knew she should not listen to; so although she wanted to hear it, she took her basket and slipped off.

"What's she gone for?" asked Anne Brian, stopping in the midst of her unsavory story.

"Her mother wants her to tell her everything she hears when she gets home," replied Bessie Clayton.

"Little prig," said Anne, contemptuously.

"She ain't a prig at all; she's a real nice girl, nicer'n you are," replied Bessie, indignantly, and with the frankness of school girls; and with this Parthian shot, Bessy and Edith Gray ran to join Belle.

"We'd rather be with you, Belle, than to stay there with those girls," said Edith. "S'pose," she continued, "s'pose we have a little 'sciety all to ourselves," but before she could tell her idea, clang! clang! went the school-bell, so they decided to walk home together, and talk it over.

Belle and Bessy could hardly wait until school was out, they wanted so much to hear about the "'sciety." When they had started for home Edith told them about a White Cross 'Sciety, which a little cousin of hers had started for boys. No one could belong unless he would vow not to say bad, vulgar, or slangy words, and every time any one did so, he must pay a fine of one cent.

"I think," said Edith, "we girls might have a White Cross 'Sciety, too, just like the boys."

They all agreed, and Bessy said it would be nice if Mrs. Avery would paint a card for each of them. They were all so excited and out of breath they could hardly tell Mrs. Avery what they wanted, but at last she understood, liked the plan, and asked them to come the next evening and talk it over. Do you know there were two fines to be paid before those girls got out of the house! Belle said, "Gracious! how hot it is!" And Bessy exclaimed, "My land! but these grapes are good!"

They meant no harm, but Mrs. Avery told them they must "set a watch over their lips," and avoid all such expressions even. She also told them that she had written "Blessed are the pure in heart," on Belle's card, because, if the heart is pure, all our words and deeds will be pure.

The little girls promised to come right after school the next day if their mothers were willing, as they were sure they would be. The following afternoon Belle hurried home from school, and changed her blue gingham apron for a white one, had her hair curled, and was just setting the table, with her own little teaset, when Artie brought the girls in. Then what a delightful time they had, eating little biscuit and marmalade, and drinking "content," (milk, water, and sugar) out of their tiny tea-cups, and arranging all the dolls around the tea-table.

Mrs. Avery brought down the pretty cards she had painted for them, and talked quire seriously about the nature of a vow. If they made any promise or resolution, it would surely be broken if God's help were not asked. Then they decided to fine each other for any vulgar, improper, or slangy language or actions, either at home or at school.

At last accounts the crusade was still flourishing, though nurtured by many tea parties, and often needing Mrs. Avery's watchful care and encouragement. Several other little girls had joined, and although the treasury is never empty, Mrs. Avery still regards the "'sciety" a success.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE ANGEL OF LITTLE SACRIFICES

Have you ever seen her work? Have you never, at least, felt her influence? In every Christian family God has placed the angel of little sacrifices, trying to remove all thorns, to lighten all the burdens, to share all the fatigues. We feel that she is with us, because we no longer experience that misunderstanding of heretofore, those deliberate coolnesses which spoil family life, because we no longer hear those sharp, rude words which wound so deeply, and life is sweeter.

The angel of little sacrifices has received from heaven the mission of those angels of whom the prophet speaks, who remove the stones from the road, lest they should bruise the feet of travellers.

There is a place less commodious than another—she chooses it, saying with a smile, "How comfortable I am here!"

There is some work to be done, and she presents herself for it, simply, with the joyous manner of one who finds her happiness in so doing.

How many oversights repaid by this one unknown hand! How many little joys produced for another, without her ever having mentioned to any one the happiness which they would give her!

Does a dispute arise? She knows how to settle it by a pleasant word that wounds no one and falls upon the slight disturbance like a ray of sunlight upon a cloud.

Should she hear of two hearts estranged, she has always new means of reuniting them without their being able to show her any gratitude, so sweet, simple and natural is what she does. But who will tell the thorns that have torn her hand, the pain her heart has endured? And yet she is always smiling.

Have you never seen her at work, the angel of little sacrifices?

On earth she is called a mother, a friend, a sister, a wife. In heaven she is called a saint.—*French Writer.*

TOBACCO AND HEALTH.

The *Independent* says, "Users of tobacco ought to know what a disinterested authority says about the effect of the weed on health. The authority is Dr. J. W. Seaver, college physician and instructor in athletics at Yale. As the result of his observations for four years he shows that of the members of the senior class, the increase of the lung capacity of non-users of tobacco is ten percent greater than that of users; and that the percentage of increase in height and weight is also in favor of the non-users. It is so clear that the habit is harmful that young men who contract it do a very foolish as well as sinful thing."

(Continued from First Page.)

ing on to the beach. The four eldest were dressed in white serge sailor suits, with dark blue collars and stockings, and high and sturdy lace boots. Three of them wore scarlet Tam O'Shanters, and the fourth a broad brimmed sailor hat. Tiny Prince Oscar wore a white cotton frock, and his long flaxen curls were just visible at the back under his immense white straw hat. They were loaded with spades and buckets and whips and reins, and forthwith began to work hard at their various amusements. With them came their two tutors, and two nurses for the younger ones, two footmen, two ladies-in-waiting, daintily dressed in simple light muslin gowns, and the Empress, herself in a soft light silk dress, with a large flower pattern, and a wide frill of lace round the bodice. Her large white hat was of coarse straw, trimmed very simply with narrow old gold ribbon and a tuft of woodcock's feathers exactly in front. She sat down on the sand, while her children crowded round her in an ecstasy of delight. The Crown Prince's thin, handsome little face flushed with pleasure as he showed the first curious shells to her; Prince Eitel threw his pail away and lay on the ground by the side of his mother; one of the babies crept on her lap, and with his chubby, sandy little hands stroked her face, and another took her skirt in hand and cleaned it carefully of the sand and pebbles which yet another of her sons had deposited on it. It was "Mamma, look here," and "Mamma, look there," all the time, and into all the interests of her children the Empress entered with evident pleasure. Presently one of them desired her, coaxingly, to make him a paper boat, and forthwith she took a sheet of her crested note-paper and made it into a "cocked hat" boat, which was sent out to sea amid great excitement. The Crown Prince alone, together with one of the footmen, steadily pursued his search for pebbles, much to the disgust of boisterous Prince Eitel, whose curls have now been shorn, which makes him more of a boy and less of a beauty. He intended his elder brother to come and share his own game of filling buckets with sea-water, and when his shouts of "Wilhelm," though they grew louder and fiercer at every repetition, remained disregarded, he kicked up the shingle in the direction of the offender, and thus reminded the future Emperor of Germany of his brotherly duties. "Wilhelm" was thereby moved into participation, and asked in pretty, colloquial German for his "Schuppe," his spade, so that he might co-operate in the making of a pond. The "Schuppe," his brother informed him using another colloquialism, which came as naturally into the talk as our popular slang terms enter into any schoolboy's vocabulary, the Schuppe was "kaput," and he would have to do without it. When the pond was ready it had to be filled with sea-water; the waves were dashing over the breakwater, and after many futile attempts to get water into his bucket the Crown Prince asked his friend the footman to try his luck, and, while the latter was bending over the woodwork, Prince Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, heir to the German throne, anxiously held the giant's coat-tail, with a view of saving one of his future subjects from being drowned in the performance of his duties.

The little idyl on the east coast lasted for over an hour; it was as pretty a picture of affectionate family life as could be seen anywhere and at any time; and, best of all, it was perfectly natural, and there was not the shadow of affectation or self-consciousness about either mother or children. They have left all pomp and ceremony behind, and are seasiders only, bent on a life of liberty and simple ease.

A TRUE SCHOOL SAVINGS BANKS STORY.

BY SARAH LOUISA OBERHOLTZER.

"It's no use, Nellie, we will never get any headway in the world: money goes out as fast as it comes in, and always will. Wet days can take care of themselves!"

"There might be some way to provide for the future, Jonathan, if you would only look for it."

The wife who replied to the rather careless assertion of her sturdy, peony-faced husband, was a frail but winning woman of seven and twenty. They stood at the door of a plain little cottage in a manufacturing town. He was starting to his daily work in a foundry, after a six o'clock breakfast.

Jonathan Ray did not mean to be churlish, but he considered himself fully competent to be the head of the house, and he strode off with a self-important air.

"It's the same old story," said Nellie, as she watched him turn into a saloon and come out shortly after, strike a match, light a cigar and stride on to his work.

"If one could but save the beer and cigar money," mused Nellie Ray, thoughtfully, as she turned to the house. Her children were a girl of six and a boy of eight years. Two hours later, with sunny faces on which the mother's parting kiss rested, the little folks started to school. Left alone with household cares, Nellie's day sped rapidly. At noontime the children were eagerly trying to tell her how money grows if you plant it, as their teacher had told them in illustrating the workings of the school savings bank about to be started in their school. "Jus' dig a hole an' plant it like potatoes, an' it grows other pennies," explained little Susan.

"Here, let me tell it," said eight year old Herbert. "It's this way, mamma: They're going to get savings banks in the school, an' everybody that wants to have his money kept an' be rich, can. Some good men and women, the teacher says, know how to do this, an' we're going to try it; she read all the directions about it. They plant the money in the bank, not in the dirt, 'cause it ain't flower seed, it's wealth seed; but it bears flowers of good habits, that's what she said."

"Then we'll buy lots of nice carpets, an' dresses for mamma, and I'll buy a cow, a mulley that won't hook," chimed in Susan. "We's goin' to have cards an' bank books like big men."

"An' the women's goin' to have money themselves, just as much as the men. I don't 'spect my wife ever to bother me for money," said Herbert, putting his chubby hands in his pockets and straightening up.

"No, nor I don't neither," said Susan. "It makes a man so cross to be bovered."

"Well," laughed the mother, "you are a rather funnily mixed couple, but if there is any school or other reform to correct life's poverty and blunders your confusion of sex and dependence will matter little."

"Wonder if we got any pennies to take," said Herbert aside. The matter was further discussed in the evening, a few pennies that had been given by grandma, for candy, were found, and carefully counted. The next Monday noon the children came home with crisp new school savings banks cards in neat envelopes. The cards were displayed with great pleasure. One was for the deposits of Herbert Ray and the other for Susan Ray. On the inside was the date of each Monday in the school year, and opposite the present one was eight cents on Herbert's and six cents on Susan's account. This was the beginning of the children's instruction in practical thrift, the institution of the School Savings Bank in Merlin Public School.

A year later we call at the same cottage door. The morning light rests on happier faces. The husband and wife have, through their children, solved the enigma of worldly headway. The school savings banks was the key. The answer we see in four savings banks books to which Nellie turns with a satisfied air as Jonathan swings around the street corner without stopping at the saloon or lighting a cigar.

The children's economy and desire to present good showing of pennies saved on their school cards and bank books, their industry, self-denial and, more than all, the lessons of thrift they brought home as taught them in connection with the accumulation of pennies and good habits, had telling effect on both Mr. and Mrs. Ray.

Mrs. Ray, true to her tender motherhood, aided Herbert and Susan from the first in their plans to earn money. Herbert did little errands for a store-keeper, delivering packages at leisure hours. Susan seemed more at a loss "'cause girls has harder work to make money," she explained. A kindly old botanist who lived a few doors away, interested in the children's plan, asked Susan to collect common specimens for her. Mrs. Ray going with the children to the fields and woods became much interested in the habits and growth of plants, while aiding Susan in gathering ten cent bunches of different kinds.

But how, you wonder, did the two bank books in which the savings of the children were recorded, become four? Three months after the establishment of the savings banks system in the school, when Herbert had $5.25 credited in his book and Susan $4.10, they were trying to find out what interest they would have, and asked their father to count up the deposits on their cards to see if the books were right; he did so and said to them, "Let me see, you will soon have more money than I have."

"Where's your saving banks book, papa?" inquired Herbert.

"It takes all my money to keep you, I have none to put in books."

"We mus' be awful 'spensive. It makes me feel bad," said Susan, siding up to Herbert; "I don't like to be kept."

"Never mind, Susan," said her brother, with a manly air, "we's got to be kept when we's little, but we are not goin' to stay little."

"Mamma don't get any money for workin', an' she's big," said Susan disconsolately, "does you, mamma?"

"No, not much money, but I get pleasure and I like to see you thrifty and independent. If there had been school savings banks when I was little I might have been worth a thousand dollars by this time, you see."

"Susan, I think of something jolly but I'm afraid you will tell mamma before Christmas," said Herbert, clapping his hands.

This was what he thought, that he and Susan would give mamma one dollar each and get her to start a savings account. So they did, each withdrew a dollar from their school deposits. Herbert told his papa about it and asked him if he wouldn't "give mamma some money too, and 'pose something she could do, take in hair cuttin' or washin' to make money every week. She cuts my hair nice an' it wouldn't be any harder to cut for somebody that wasn't her own boy, an' be paid. Good many people's papas and mammas has money in bank and I don't like my mamma to be poor.'"

Mr. Ray thought of the children's talk, added ten dollars to the one from each of them, so Mrs. Ray's savings banks book had a good start for Christmas. Moreover, her husband concluded it would only be fair to give her each week the half of his wages which he calculated it required to keep the family in food, fuel and clothing.

This is why we find a happier, richer family. The money in Mrs. Ray's hands was wisely invested, the provision better and a weekly surplus placed to her savings bank account. Mr. Ray concluded quietly that one-half his earnings was too much to expend in personal indulgence which detracted from his best manhood, so he too, started a savings account and improved his habits.

Each member of the family has more for charity and more for happiness. Surely "a little child shall lead them."—*Union Signal.*

AFTER NINE YEARS.

The following incident is full of lessons for reformed men. It comes from a leader in Gospel temperance work:

A good-hearted man who was under the power of drink, reformed and remained steadfast for nine years, amassing fifty thousand dollars in money, becoming a director in an important temperance institution, and being instrumental in saving one hundred and sixty-three men who had fallen. At the end of the nine years he felt altogether safe, became proud of his success, did not like to have any one know he was a reformed man, and ceased to attend and work in the temperance meetings. A saloon keeper got hold of him, offered to wager ten dollars that this reformed man of nine years' standing could not walk around the block with a teaspoonful of whiskey in his mouth. In the weakness of his pride the poor fellow accepted the wager, swallowed the whiskey, his appetite was fiercely aroused, he began to drink, and six years after this diabolical temptation he died a drunkard. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and let him remember that to work in Christ's name for others is the surest way of being saved himself.—*Atlanta Advance.*

HOW SHE EARNED HER CANDLE.

This is a very tender story concerning faithfulness in humble places which Jean Ingelow has related for us:

It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea.

At last the morning came; and one boat that should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat; and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till it was laid in the grave; then she lay down on her bed and slept. When night came she arose and set a candle in her casement as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still and one hank over for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story (fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age) she has turned night into day. And in the snowstorms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely this was finding chance for service in a humble place; surely this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness; surely the smile of the Lord Jesus must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their boats upon the sea.—*Selected.*

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